LONE HOLLOW

Or, The Peril of the Penroys.

A Thrilling and Romantic Story of Love and Adventure.

BY JAMES M. MERRILL, AUTHOR OF,"BO "PISHER JOE" OTHER STORIES.

[Copyright, 1889, by the A. N. Kellogg Neuro

CHAPTER X.

CHAPTER X.

CONSTRENATION AT LONE HOLLOW.

Grace Penroy waited anxiously the return of her messenger to Stonefield. The night passed without her coming, and Grace rose early, little rested, so anxious was she to be once more on good terms with her lover.

No alarm was felt until late in the fore-No alarm was felt until late in the room noon, when Grace noticed Romeo standing in the road near the stables whinnying to be

admitted.

Captain Starbright came sauntering up
the walk. He managed to pass most of his
time in or about Lone Hollow, but since the
coming of Lura Joyce he had made no advances in his suit for the hand of Grace; in consequence the heiress was learning to re gard him with considerable less aversion

than formerly.

"isn't that Romeo down yonder, Captain!"
questioned Grace, who stood on the verandi
as the Captain came up.

"It looks like Mad Lura's horse, surely,"

returned Captain Starbright, as he glance toward the road. "I wonder where his mis

"She went to Stonefield yesterday." "And rode Romeo!"

"Yes."
Captain Starbright turned on his heel and hurried at once to the stable. If he expected to meet Lura Joyce he was mistaken. Romeo stood by the road gate whinneying to be admitted. The Captain led the horse to his stall. He noticed that the horse was saddled and he wondered at the non-appea oce of the animal's mistress.

" You did not see Lura!"

"You did not see Lura!"
Grace Perroy's face was white as she put
the question to the Captain on his return.
"I did not."
He twisted his cane and looked thoughtful, and perhaps a tride uneasy.
"The horse was saddled!"

"Yes."
"Then something has happened to Lura,"
cried Grace, in a distracted voice.
"Don't borrow trouble—"
"But Romee is vicious, and I have always feared that he would be the death of Lura. I am sure something terrible has happened," persisted Grace. "Go at once, Cantain Starbright, and look for her. Summon the servants and move quickly. If any thing has happened I shall never forgive myself," and Grace wrung her hands and

hoked distressed indeed.

A vague suspicion entered the mind of Captain Starbright as he turned away to obey the orders of the mistress of Lone Hollow.

"If something has happened, it will be a glad day for me," mused the Captain. a faint smile lifting the wings of his tawny mustache.

He hastened to the stable, saddled one of

his grays and was soon galloping swiftly away in the direction of Stonefield. No one had met or seen the girl, and when the Captain returned to Lone Hollow late in

the day he brought no news of the missing girl.

The servants scoured the vicinity without success. Old Mr. Vandible was worked up to fever heat, while his granddaughter was

nearly crushed with grief nearly crushed with grief.
"I know something terrible has hap-pened," declared poor Grace, again and

again.
"Confound it, what business had Lura "Confound it, what business had business to go away, I'd like to know! I think a girl to know something. The of her age ought to know something. idea of riding a vicious horse unaccompanied over that lonely road, with tramps and wild animals thick as fleas on a deg, is pre-

nptuous, yes, presumptuous, I say."
hen the old man would bring his candown with a tremendous thump that would

down with a tremendous thump that would make things jingle.

"Grandpa, don't," pleaded Grace. "It was all my fault. I sent Cousin Lura."

"You sent her? For what, I'd like to know? The idea—yes, the idea—I say, of a girl trapesing off just at night after knick-knacks not worth a sixpence. If the girl's dead, her neck broke frum her folly and yours, Grace Penroy, I reckon the lesson'il be a mighty useful one for both of you; yes, for both of you hity-tily girls, I say." for both of you hity-tity girls, I say.

Then the old man stamped up and down the porch, thumping his cane after every other word in a way that, on another occu-sion, would have been laughable in the ex-

night came with ac news of the missing Lura. Captain Starbright felt like congratulating himself. If an ac-

felt like congratulating himself. If an ac-cident had happened it would prove a lucky circumstance for him.

He had been only too anxious to have the determined Miss Jovec out of his path, that he might have n. . .bject in the way of the full accomplishment of his schemes. He hoped that she had really met with an acci-dent that would prevent further interfer-ence on her part. ence on her part.

"Oh, Captain, what shall, what can we do?" meaned Grace, appealing to Captain Starbright in a way that almost touched his "We can only hope for the best," he re-

turned. "Do you think we have any reason to

hope!"
He saw that she was auxious for him to

speak words of cheer, and so he would not disappoint her, for the Captain was ex-termely arxious to gain the good will of the heiress who had once snubbed him for his hasty familiarity.
"I think we have good ground for hope,

lrace," he said, in a reassuring tone, Really, I haven't the least idea that any thing serious has befallen your cousin. I have known the young lady for some time and can assure you that, though reckiess and high-strong, she is abundantly able to "Then how do you account for her not re-

turning home?"
"I do not pretend to account for it," he answered "What was the errand that took her to Stonefield!"

He regarded Miss Penroy keenly as be

the question.

"Which does not concern me, ch!" retorted the Captain, with a low laugh. Grace passed into the house without again. The Captain muttered something not exactly polite under his breath and then turned away. It was now almost dark. As Captain Starbright ap-proached the gute a stout form rose up and

fronted him 'Ha! it is one of the twins," ejaculated

"Ba! it is one of the twins, epachases the Captain, feeling annoyed at the sudden appearance of one he cared not to see.
"It's me, far a fact," grunted the man in, a surly tene. "I reckeded you'd be over afore this, Cap'u. I got impatient, as did maw and Bill, so here I be." What brings you here?" demanded the

Captain, leaving against the fence, regarding the man with a frown.

"What do yes pose! I thought you might

ss. Hain't seen the gal—"
Ha! then it is your hand that has been
his work. I feared so."
You wanted it done."

Bending forward, Captain Starbright whispered huskily:
"Go down the road into the hollow. Hank Cabera refused to move until this uestion was answered. He confronted

mmediately."

The man hesitated a moment, then turned and shuffled swiftly away.

CHAPTER XI. Ginneing toward the house and seeing no one watching, Captain Starbright passed through the gate and walked with deliberate step down the incline to the foot of the mound on which stood the Vandible man-

sion. Here he found his man waiting in the anadow of some trees.

The Captain led the way into some under-growth until completely hidden from the road, then he came to a pause and faced his "Well, what have you to tell, Hank Ca-

"The gal's did for."

"Explain yourself."

In a few words the villain told how he and his twin brother had waylaid and murJered dauntless Lura Joyce.

The Captain listened wishout a muscle of his countenance moving or exhibiting the

east emotion.
"How came the girl in that out-of-the-way

'She heard 'twasa short cut, I presume "No you know this to be a fact!

"Didn't you or Bill entice her from the ain road!"
"We didn't. Fil swear to that, Cap'n." "Very well. It seems that the girl came to her death by accident. This is as it should be. I will accompany you to the spot and view the body. If all is as you have told it there will be something further."

"Hard money!"
"Yes, hard money."

A chuckle fell from the ruffian's lips. Then, without more words, the two walked to the road. Darkness had fallen, and the twain were not likely to be recognized ever twain were not likely to be recognized even should they chance to meet any one. Soon they gained the path that led to Mother Cabera's cabin. Down this the twain hurried, and in a little time they stood be-fore the hut itself. "The body is inside, I suppose!"

"Nix." answered the m "Where then !"

"Bill nor me hain't teched it sense we

"Bill nor me hain't teched it sense we dropped her down yender onto them rocks. I wouldn't do it. Ef you want to see the corpse it's your privilege, I s'pose."

Even the calloused heart of the Captain gave an unwented throb at this. The thought that the siender body of their victim lay exposed under the cliff for many hours was unpleasant.

hours was unpleasant.

"A lantern, quick," ordered Captain Starbright. "I will investigate. The poor child must have a Christian burial in any event. It is awful leaving her there all this time."

"We couldn't help it, Cap'n. We expected you sooner. Gittin' tired of watten I went for ye," answered the Captain's tool, apologeticalty. Then he entered the house, returning soon,

Then he entered the house, returning soon, bearing a santern in his hand.

"Bill wouldn't come, so I spect I'll hev ter pilot ye to the place."

"Very good. Lead the way."

And then the two men set off down the path toward the scene of the late accident!

It order to gain the foot of the perpendicular bill it was necessary to begin the do-

ular hill it was necessary to begin the de-scent some distance from the spot where Lara Joyce had been hurled into the rocky

After a scramble among bushes and along dangerous places where the loose pebbles threatened to precipitate them into eternity, the two men gained the feot of the declivity and stood in a damp atmos-phere at the bottom of the gulch.

"Now, then, how far is it!"
This from the panting Captain,
"About twenty rods, I reckon."
"Lead on, quickly!" returned Starbright

an impatient voice.

The dampness and gloom did not agree with him, and he was anxious to have his unenviable mission over with at the earliest possible moment. There seemed something uncanny in the surroundings, and for the a feeling akin to fe

the Captain.

Hank Cabera moved forward, swinging his lantern before him. The walking was comparatively easy, and soon the lantern-bearer came to a halt.

"Well!" demanded Starbright.

"Well!" demanded Starbright.
"We're here, Cap'n."
The Captain felta rising in his throat, but he swallowed it with a gulp and peered forward over a rock as his companion flashed the rays of his lantern forward.
He thought to look upon the mangled remains of the fair girl he had once sought in marriage, and it is little wonder that the Captain was a trifle nervous under the circumstances.

"I see no one!" uttered Starbright, after

hasty survey.
Hank Cabera uttered an imprecation and eagerly scanned the rocky ground.
"The gal hai't here, for a fact," he mut-tered at length. "Is 'pect the wild animals has carried her off."

"That is absolute nonsense." "Eh! Why is it?"

"Elf! Why is it!"
"If such were the case some traces would be left behind. I see none here. Your He won't go down, Henry Cabera."
"It's traces you seek, eh! What do you call this!" and the man with the lantern held up a bit of gray cloth that had ovidently been to really a party loyer. ly been torn loose by a jagged point of

The Captain at once felt the delicate texture, and decided that it was a piece from a woman's dress, and closely resemble that he had seen worn by Lura Joyce. "Jest look down here, pardner."

Hank Cabera was bending closely over the stones at the foot of the steep declivity, one huge, grimy finger pointing at the ground. The Captain saw and shuddered. Here, under the man's finger, had been a pool of blood which was now coagulated. It was a horrid reminder of the awful tragedy the selemn rocks and trees had witnessed

The Cuptain shuddered and drew back. "What d'ye think now, pardner!" Cabera regarded Captain Starbright with

a curdling grin.
"It looks as though somebody had fallen here, surely," admitted the Captain, "but I must see the body before I will be convinced

that a sure thing was made of the work."
"Do ye imagine a gal could fall sixty foot
onter them rocks an' not be killed, mister!"

"It doesn't seem possible," admitted Star-bright, "but how am I to know that you are not deceiving me! Some one seems to have fallen on these rocks, but it may be another than Lura Joyce. I demand to see the body before any thing further is done."

Then the man began a search which resulted in failure.

"Somethin's carried the dead gal away, that's sartin," muttered Hank. "I osn't see through it no more than you kin." "Let me take your lantern a moment,

"Let me take your lantern a moment, Hank."

The forester turned the desired article over to Captain Starbright, and he proceeded to make an examination on his own account. He was not long in making discoveries that satisfied him. A strand of curling red brown hair was pressed underabush near the base of the rock, and half concealed in blood-sprinkied leaves lay a pearl-handled peaknife that he knew to be the property of the venturesome Miss Jeyce from the fact that it had been a present from him in the days gone by. Here was proof then that Lura Joyce had been hurled to the bottom of the gulch, and this "One moment." sorce from the fact that that been a present from him in the days gone by. Here was proof then that Lura Joyce had been hurled to the bottom of the guich, and this being true, the Captain was satisfied that the girl was dead. He was puzzled at the disappearance of the body, however.

Securing the twin evidences of the awful crime Captain Starbright returned to his brutal companion, and signified his readi-ness to return to the ground above. "Wal, what did ye find, Cap'n?"

"Nothing of importance."

Do ye think I'm lyin' about the gal!"

ust not be seen together. I will join you | Captain Starbright with an ominous scowl on his shaggy face.
"No. I am satisfied that you have told only the truth, Hank."

only the truth, Hank."

A grunt sanswered the Captain's words,
and then Hank Cabers began moving forward on the return. Just as they were on
the point of, beginning the ascent at the
point where they had entered the gulch,
both came to a stand, petrified into living
statues for the time.

A scream so wild, weird and awful rent
the air as to curilist he blocd in the veine of

he air as to curdle the

e guich trespassers. "My soul! what was that?" Captain Starbright drew a consistol and glared about him without

A pair of gleaming eyeballs peered at the twain from the darkness. They seemed like demon eyes, and for the moment the Captain was too stupefied to fire.

Captain was too stupefied to fire.

Again the awful cry woke the echoes, and then the Captain raised his revolver and sent a bullet hurtling through the air.

A yell followed, then a crash and two men stood in darkness.

The lantern had been swept in fragments from the hand of Cabera. Black darkness everywhere. The gleaming eyes had disappeared and a solemn stillness reigned.

appeared and a solemn stillness reigned.
This was even more impressive than the pandemonum of sound had been. Hank Cabera clung to the arm of Captain Starbright and cried in a husty whisper:
"The guich is harded! I've heerd it before. Let's git."

No good could come of their remaining, so

fore. Let's git."

No good could come of their remaining, so the Captain, who was himself deeply startled, seconded his companion's suggestion by immediately moving from the spot. The twain were not as long going up as coming down, and both were extremely glad when the welcome light from the window of Mother Cabera's cabin gleamed in their eyes. The brave Captain actually staggered with weakness as he crossed the threshold.

CHAPTER XIL

A THANKLESS CHILD. "An' so you chaps has been in the gulch looking for the body of that spitlire gal." Mother Cabera gave vent to a peculiar grating laugh that sounded harshly in the ears of Captain Starbright.

"That is the truth, Mrs. Cabera," as-"That is the truth, Mrs. Cabera," assured the Captain. "Your son Hank tells me that a terrible accident happened, resulting in the death of my esteemed friend, Miss Joyce. The whole country is aroused, and it is highly necessary that the truth be known. Miss Penrey and her grandfather are nearly distracted with grief. Since we did not find the body I am not sure that Lura Joyce is dead." Lura Joyce is dead."

"You would like to know that she is!"
Captain Starbright cast a quick glance at
the second twin, who lounged on the floor
near, with a pipe between his red jaws, and

"On the contrary, I should be glad to know that she is alive. It grieves me sorely to think harm has come to one who was my

"The spitfire gal was your friend?"

The beady eyes of the hag pierced him like twin dirks.

"The best friend I had in the world," asserted Captain Starbright, with apparent feeling.

feeling.

He had confided only in the hag, and was not yet ready to place himself at the mercy of the two rufflans who were supposed to be the sons of Mother Cabera. He had evinced too much feeling in the presence of Hank, he feared, and resolved to be more

After a moment of silence Mother Cabera tepped to the Captain's side and touched arm. Come with me, Captain," she whispered

in his car. Then she crossed to one corner of the room and slipped aside a mat revealing a trap-door

votaining a trap-door.
Seizing a candle that stood near she lifted
the trap and stepped through the aperture
thus exposed.
Was there danger in following!

Captain Starbright was not ready to trust these people fully. He knew that his life would not be worth a picayune should the immates of the gulch cabin deem it money in pocket to take it. He had gone too far now to recede, however, and so, making sure of his weapon, he followed the hag to the collar below.

As the trap closed above them Mother Cabera said: Cabera said:
"I knew you was embarrassed up there afore the boys, so I thought I would bring you here where you could speak freely."
She flashed the blaze of her caudic about the room, a small, square apartment, with but the damp earth for a floor. Some boxes and barrels stood about, and on one of the former Mother Cabera seated her gaunt

"Is pose you was expected as a little sooner?"

"No. I had nearly forgotten about it. It was an accident, then?"
"It looks that way."
"It is very sad. I am sorry that the body was taken away. There seems to be some mystery about it."

A low chuckle answered him.
"It's plain's the nose on yer face, Captain Starbright."

The indeous hag indicated with a tap of her foot the center of the room, which seemed a little higher than the surrounding ground. "Good beavens! Do you mean that Lura loyce's dead body lies here under our very feet?" cried the Captain, his face white and

withat's it exactly. Hold the candle a minuit and I'll show ye proof." Mother Cabera thrust the candle into his hand and going to the side of the room lift-ed a spade that leaned against the stones, and began digging in the center of the cel-

"No, no; that will do," cried the Captain, clammy sweat oozing out on his face as the spade struck something beneath the surface with a thud that was sickening. "Be you satisfied? It won't take me

"No, I want no further proof," groaned the wicked Captain. "I am assured that poor Lura Joyce is dead. Let us go up." "Here is more proof, if you need it,"
chuckled the hag, at the same time produc
ing a soiled envelope, and thrusting it toward the Captain. "I'm opinioned that the
gal was a-carryin' this fur the heiress at
Lone Hollow"

It proved to be the letter that Lura Joyce lost, and had doubtless been stolen by the hag while telling the girl's fortune on the previous day.

Captain Starbright read the letter with

its affectionate words for the Stonefield me-chanic, and felt his muscles harden, his feelings congeal with rage. "I will keep this," he said.
"If you pay for it, you may.

The hag held out a bony hand. He thrust the candle back in her hand and drew forth

"One moment."
The hand of Captain Starbright detained

"You must keep this affair wholly to

yourself, not even wanted to your sons."
"I ain't a fool, Captain."
This seemed sufficient answer, and the two repaired to the room above. After a few more words with his friends, Captain Starbright left the cabin and turned his steps once more toward Lone Hollow,

[10 as cormsum.]

AMERICA FOR ALL.

Dr. Talmage on the Greatn Our Republic

Country Welcomes All Good Met Union of Baces Predict

In a late sermon at Brooklyn on the sub ject, "Shall America be Reserved for Americans?" Rev. T. De Witt Talmage took his text from Acts xvii 26: "And hath made of one blood all nations." He

That is, if for some reason general phiebotomy were ordered and standing in a row were an American, an Englishman, a Scotchman and an Irishman, a French-man, a German, a Norwegian, an Ice-lander, a Spaniard, an Italian, a Russian and representatives of all other nationali-ties bared their right arm and a language ties bared their right arm and a lancet were struck into it, the blood let out would have the same characteristics, for it would be red, complex, fibrine, globuline, chlorine and containing sulphuric acid, potassium, phosphate of magnesia and so on, and Harvey and Sir Astley Cooper and Richardson and Z mmerman and Brown Sequard and all the scientific doctors, allo Sequard and all the scientific doctors, allo-pathic, homeopathic, hydropathic and eclectic, would agree with Paul, as, stand-ing on Mars hill, his pulpit a ridge of limestone rock fi ty feet high and among the proudest and most exclusive an I undemocratic people of the earth, he crashed into all their prejudices by de-claring in the words of my text that Gocrained into all their prejudices by de-claring in the words of my text that God had made "of one blood all nations." The countenance of the five races of the human family may be different as a result of climate or education or habits, and the Malay will have the projecting jaw and the Cauca-ian the oval face and small mouth and the Ethopian the retreating forehead and large lip and the Mongolian the flat face of cive hue and the Ameri-can Indian the copper-colored complexion, but the blood is the same, and indicates that they all had one origin and that Adam and Eve were their ancestor and ancestress.

I think God built this American con-

tinent and organized this United States Republic to demonstrate the stupendous idea of the text. A man in Persia will always remain a Persian, a man in Switzer ways remain a Persian, a man in Switzer-land will always remain a Swiss, a man in Austria will always remain an Aus-trian, but all foreign nationalities coming to America were intended to be Ameri-cans. This land is the chemical laboratory where foreign bloods are to be inextr cably mixed up and race prejudices and race antipathies are to perish, and this sermon is an axe by which I hope to help kill them. It is not hard for one to preach such a sermon, because, although my an-cestors came to this country about two cestors came to this country about two bundred and fil y years ago, some of them came from Wales and some from Scolland and some from Holland and some from other lands, and I am a mixture of so many nationalities that I feel at home with people from under every sky and have a right to call them blood relations. There are madeaps and patriotic lunatics in country who are ever and anon crying out, "America for Americans," Down with the Germans! Down with the Irish! Down with the Jews! Down with the Chinese! are in some directions the popu-Chinese: are in some directions rap popu-lar cries, all of which veciferations I would drown out by the full organ of my text, while I pull out the stops and put my foot on the pedal that will open the loudest pipes, and run my fingers over all the four banks of ivory keys, playing the chant. God hath made of one blood all vection." nations." There are not five men in this audience

not five men in any audience to-day in America except it be on an Indian reser-vation, who were not descended from for-signers if you go far enough back. The only native Americans are the Modocs, the Shawnees, the Chippewas, the Chero-kees, the Chickasaws, the Seminoles and such like. If the principle America only for Americans be carried out, then you and I have no right to be here and we had better charter all the steamers and clippers and men-of-war and yachts and s and men-or-war and yacuts and shoops and get out of this country as quick as possible. The Pilgrim tathers were all immigrants the Huguenots all immigrants. The cradle of most every one of our fam-ilies was rocked on the banks of the Clyde or the Rhine or the Shannon or the Sein-or the Tiber. Had the watchword "Am or the Tiber. Had the watchword "Americans" been an early and successful cry, where now stand our citles would have stood Indian wigwams and cannes instead of steamers would have tracked the Hudson and he Connecticut; and instead of the Mississippi being the main artery of the continent, it would have been only a generations back are joining the cry. Escaped from foreign despotism them-selves they say, "Shut the door of escape for others." Getting themselves on our shores in a lifeboat from the shipwreck, saying, "Haul the boat on the beach and let the rest of the passengers go to the bot-

the end of the hall and stay there; teering, you live in the garret and stay there; Mary, you live in the cellar and stay there; Fanny, you live in the kitchen and stay there. I, Philip, will take the parior. It suits me exactly. I like the pictures on the wall. I like the lambrequins at the windows. I like the Axminster on the floor. Now I Philip proposes to compete the country.

American, a European, an Asiatic and an African. The North American sniffs the breeze and he easys to his four brothers and sisters: "Let the South American stay in South America, let the European stay in Europe, let the Asiatic stay in Asia, let the African stay in Africa; but America is for ms. I think it is the parior of the whole earth. I like its carpets of grass and its upholstery of the front window, namely the American sunrise, and the upholstery of the back window, namely the American sunset. Now I want you all to stay out and keep to your places."

I want you all to stay out and keep to your places."

I am sure the Father of the whole human race would hear of it and chastisement would come ant, whether by earthquake or flood or drought or heaven darkening swarms of locust and grasshopper or destroying angel of pestilence, God would rebuke our selfishness as a Nation and say to the four winds of heaven: "This world is my house and the North American is no more my child than is the South American and the European and the Asiatic and the African. And I built this world for all the children, and the parlor is theirs and all is theirs." For, let me say, whether we will or not, the population of other lands will come here. There are harbors all the way from Baffin's bay to Galveston, and if you shut fifty gates there will be other gates unguarded. And if you forbid foreigners from coming on the steamers they will come in boats. And if you will not let them come in boats they will come on rafts. And if you will not let them come in boats they will come on rafts. And if you will not allow wharfage to the raft they will leave it outside Sandy Hook and swim for free America. Stop them? You might as well pass a law forbidding a swarm of bees from lighting on the clover top or passing a law forbidding the tides of the Atlantic to rise when the moon puts under it siver grappling hooks, or a law that the noonday sun should not irradiate the atmosphere. They have come. They are coming now. They will come. And if I had a voice loud enough to be heard across the seas I would put it to the utmost tension and cry, let them come! You stingy, selfish, shriveled up, blasted souls who sit before your silver dinner plate piled up with breast of roast urkey in-I am sure the Father of the whole huma stingy, sellish, shriveled up, blasted souls who sit before your ailver dinner plate piled up with breast of roast turkey in-carnadined with cranberry, your fork full and your mouth full and cramming down the superabundance till your digestive organs are terrorized, let the millions of your fellow men have at least the wishing

bone.

But some of this cry, America for Americans, may arise from an honest fear lest this land be overcrowded. Such persons had better take the Northern Pacific or Union Pacific or Southern Pacific or At-lautic & Charlotte air line or Texas & Santa Fe, and go a long journey and find out that no more than a tenth part of this continent is fully cultivated. If a man with 100 acres of land should put all his cultivation on one acre he would be culti-vating a larger ratio of his farm than our Nation is now occupying of the National farm. Pour the whole human race, Europe, Asia, Africa and all the islands of the sea, into America and there would be room to spare. All the Bocky mountain barrenesses and all the other American deserts are to be fertilized, and as Salt Lake City are to be fertilized, and as Sait Large City and much of U.ah once yielded not a blade of grass now by artificial irrigation have become gardens, so a large part of this continent that now is too poor to grow even a mullein stalk or a Canada thistle, oven a mulledn stalk or a Canada thistle, will, through artificial irrigation, like an Lilinols prairie wave with wheat or like a Wisconsin farm rustle with corn tassels. Besides that, after perhaps a century or two more, when this coutinent is quite well occupied, the tides of immigration will then turn the other way. Politics and governmental affairs help corrected on the other sale other way. Folities and governmental affairs being corrected on the other side of the waters, Ireland turned into a garden will invite back another generation of Prishmen, and the wide wastes of Russia brought from under despotism will with her own green fields invite back another generation of Russians. And these will her own green fields invite back another generation of Russians. And there will be hundreds of thousands of Americans every year settling on other continents. And after a number of centuries, all the earth full and crowded, what then? Well, at that time some night a panther meteor wandering through the heavens will put its naw on our world and ston it, and putits paw on our world and stop it, and put-ting its panther tooth into the neck of its mountain range will shake it lifeiess as a rat terrier a rat. So I have no more fear of America being overcrowded than the porpoises in the Atlantic ocean will beome so numerous as to stop shipping.
It is through mighty addition of foreign

It is through mighty addition of foreign population to our native population that I think God is going to fill the land with a race of people 35 per cent superior to any thing the world has ever seen. Inter-marriage of families and intermarriage of nations is depressing and cripping. Marriage outside of one's own nationality and with another style of nationality is a with another style of nationality mighty gain. What makes the Sec Irish second to no pedigree for brain mystery about it."

A low chuckle answered him.
"It's plain's the nose on yer face, Captain
Starbright."

"What do you mean?"
"It attended to the body. I was down while the boys was away and fetched the beginning the more inhuman is that some in this country who themselves arrived there beyond or only one or two der Heaven can be more unlike than a could tak Sandinavian. Treat them in the country back are joining the cry. Scotchman and an Irishman and the de-scendants of these two conjoined nation-alities, unless rum fings them, go right to the tip top in every thing. All nationalities coming to this land the opposites will all the while be affianced, and French and all the while be afflanced, and French and German will unite and that will stop all the open crying out, "America for American:" What if the the native inhabitants of Heaven—I mean the angels the cheration, the scraphim born there—should stand in the gate and when they see us stand in the gate and when they see us stand in the gate and when they see us stand in the gate and when they see us stand in the gate and when they see us stand in the gate and when they see us stand in the gate and when they see us stand in the gate and when they see us stand in the gate and of fict Norwegian, and a hundred and fifty years from now the race occupying this land will be in stature, in purity of compactions to make this country a convict colony. We would have a wall built as high as Heaven and as deep as hell against the property of the property o coming up at the last should say, back! Heaven for the Heavenians!"

Of course we do not allow foreign as tions to make this country a convict colony. We would have a wall built as high as Heaven and as deep as hell against foreign thereby, pickpockets and anarchies. We would not let them wipe their feet on the mat of the outside door of Caste Garden. H England or Russia of Caste Garden. H England or Russia of the tenth century will seem to them like the date of the place winer they came from. We will not have America become the dumping place for foreign vagabondism. But you build up a wall at the Narrows before the before San Francisco, and forbid the coming of the industrious and hard working with dimension of the industrious and hard working with the many the state of the season of the season ing of the industrious and hard working with the many the season of the seaso I must confess there was a time when I

Mary, you live in the cellar and stay there: Fanny, you live in the kitchen and stay there. I, Philip, will take the parlor. It suits me exactly. I like the pictures on the wall. I like the lambrequins at the windows. I like the Axminster on the side of me there was a black man and on the other side of me there was a black man and on the other side of me there was a black man and behind me as the form was a Chinaman and behind me as the form was a Chinaman and behind me as the form was a Chinaman and behind me as the form was a Chinaman and behind me as the form was a Chinaman and behind me as the form was a Chinaman and behind me as the form was a Chinaman and behind me as the form on the cellar; I would be as happy as I am now standing in the presence of this brilliant and live. The sooner we get this corps of race prejudice buried, the healther will be our American atmosphere. Let each one fetch a spade and let us dig its grave clear on down deeper and the earth of provided in the parlor or anywhere you choose; and Philip, for your greediness and unbrotherly behavior, I put you for two hours in the dark closet under the stairs." God is the Pather of the human race. He has at least five sons, a Rorth American, a South

mean things that have ever been said and written between Jew and Gentile, between Turk and Russian, between English and French, between Mongolian and anti-Mongolian, between black and white, and Mongolian, between black and white, and put up over that grave for tombstone some scorched and jagged chunk of scories spit out by some volcanic eruption and chiesl on it for epitaph: "Here lies the carcass of one who cursed the world. Aged, near six thousand years. Departed this life for the perdition from whence it came. No peace to its ashes!"

Now, in view of this subject, I have two point blank words to utter, one suggest-

No peace to its ashes!"

Now, in view of this subject, I have two point blank words to utter, one suggesting what foreigners ought to do for us, the other what we ought to do for foreigners. East as a side all apologetic air and realize you have as much right as any man who was not only himself born here, but his father and his grandfather and greatgrandfather before him. Are you an Englishman? Though during the Revolutionary war your fathers treated our fathers roughly, England has more than atoned for that by giving to this country at least two denominations of Christiana, the Church of England and the Methodist Church. Witness the magnificent liturgy of the one and the Wesleyan hallelujahs of the other. And who shall ever pay England for what Shakespeare and John Milton and Wordsworth and a thousand other authors have done for America? Are you a Scotchman? Thanks for John Knox's Presbyterianism; the balance wheel of all other denomina-Inanks for John Knox's Pressylerianism; the balance wheel of all other denomina-tions. And how shall Americans ever pay your native land for what Thomas Chal-mers and Macintosh and Robert Burns and Christopher North and Robert Mc-Cheyne and Chandlish and Guthrie baye done for Americans? done for Americans?

Are you a Frenchman? We can not forget your Lafayette, who in the most desperate time of our American revolution,
New York surrendered and our armies fly-

New York surrendered and our armies flying in retreat, espoused our cause and at
Brandywine and Monmouth and Yorktown put all America under eternal obligation. And we can not forget coming to
the rescue of our fathers Rochambeau and
his French fleet with 6,000 armed men.
Are you a German? We have not forgetten the eleven wounds through which
your Baron De Kalb poured out his life
blood at the head of the Maryland and
Delaware troops in the disastrous battle Delaware troops in the disastrous battle at Camden, and after we have nemed our streets and our cities and our counties after him we have not paid a tithe of what streets and our cities and our counties after him we have not paid at the of what we owe Germany for his valor and self-sacrifice. And what about Martin Luther, the giant German who made way for religious liberty for all lands and ages? Are you a Polander? How can we forget your hilliant Count Pulaski, whose bones were laid in Savannah river after a mortal wound gotten while in the stirrups of one of the flercest cavairy charges of the American revolution? But with no time to particularize I say: "All hail to the men and women of other lands who come here with honest purpose." Henounce all obligation to foreign despo s. Take the oath of American allegiance. Get out naturalization papers. Don't talk against our institutions, for the fact that you came here and stay shows that you like ours better than any other. If you don't like them there are many steamers going out of our ports almost every day, and the fare is cheap, and, lest you should be detained for parting civilities, I bid you good by now. But if you like it here then I charge you at the ballot box, in legislative hall, in churches and everywhere be out and out Americans. Do not try to establish here the loose foreign Sabbaths or out and out Americans. Do not try to establish here the loose foreign Sabbaths or tanism here the loose loceign Saucatas or transcendentalism spun into a religion of mush and moonshine, or foreign libertin-ism, or that condensation of all thievery, scoundrelism, lust, murder and perdition, which in Russia is called nihilism and in France called communism and in America called anarchism. Unite with us in making by the grace of God the 15,300,000 square miles on both sides the Isthmus of Panama the paradise of virtue and religion
My other word suggests what Americans

My other word suggests what Americans ought to do for foreigners. By all possible means explain to them our institutions. Coming here, the wast majority of them know about as much concerning Republican or Democratic form of government as you in the United States know about the politics of Denmark or France or Italy or Switzerland, namely, nothing. Explain to them that liberty in this country means liberty in doright, but not liberty is plain to them that interty in this country means liberty to do right, but not liberty to do wrong. Never in their presence say any thing against their native land, for no matter how much they may have been op-pressed there, in that native land there are sacred places, cabins or mansions around whose doors they played, and peraround whose doors they played, and per-haps there is somewhere a grave into which they would like, when life's toils are over, to be let down, for it is mother's grave and it would be like going again into the loving arms that first he d them and against the bosom that pillowed them. Myl myl how low down a man must have could tak Scandinavian. Freat them in America as you would like to be treated if for the sake of your honest principles or a better livelihood for yoursef or your family you isal moved under the shadow of Jungfrau, or the Rug, or the Giant's Causeway, or the Bohemian Forest, or the Franconian Jura. If they get bomesick, as some of them are, sug-gest to them that God is as near to help them here as He was near them before they crossed the Atlantic, and that the soul's final flight is less than a second whether from the beach of the Caspian sea or the banks of Lake Erie. Evangel-Caspian

reinforced by the Atlantic ocean, armed as it is with tempest and Carribbean whirl-winds and giant biliows ready to fling

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE

-To prevent a lampwick from sn ing soak it in vinegar, and well dry it before it is ready for use.

-Those who suffer from a skin, subject to frequent irritation and roughness, should never use hard water for their ablutions. Boiled water will often prove beneficial for delicate com-

-Into a solution of gum arabic, stir laster of Paris until the mixture assumes the consistency of cream; apply with a brush to the broken edges of china and join together. In three days the article can not be broken in the same place. -Buttermilk Muffins -Beat hard two

eggs into a quart of buttermilk, and stir in flour to make a thick batter (about one quart) stir in a teaspoonful of salt, add the same of soda; bake in a hot oven in well greased tins. Pull open with the fingers and butter. -A little bag for holding shoe but-

tons, needles and thread is a very useful addition to the dressing-table and is also quite ornamental. Shoe buttons snap off at the most inopportune times, and to have new ones always at hand with the necessary articles to fasten them is a convenience to be prized by many a busy mother.

Raspberry Short Cake.—Take one pint of buttermilk, one teaspoonful of salt, two-thirds of a cup of butter, mix as soft as can be worked, make four layers, spreading each one with butter as you lay them on top of each other. Bake in a moderate oven. When done and cool, spread the berries which have been well sweetened between the lay-ers and sprinkle white sugar over the

top. -A small pan of burning charcoal set in a safe place in the cellar will in a short time remove all ordors of vegeta-bles, unless it be too bad, when all hands around should make haste to remove the causes the vegetables themselves. This is a part of the house which should be carefully looked after, as it is more likely to be here, and in the wastepipes leading from the house, where the germs of disease lurk in ambush, often to literally take us by the throat while we sleep, if we do not take warning in season.

-Constant coughing is precisely like scratching a wound on the outside of the body; so long as it is done the wound will not heal. Let a person, when tempted to cough, draw a long breath and hold it until it warms and oothes every air cell, and some benefit will soon be received from the process. The nitrogen, which is thus refined, acts as an anodyne to the irritated mucus membrane, allaying the desire to cough and giving the throat and lungs a chance to heal. At the same time a suitable medicine will aid nature in her effort to recuperate. - Baltimore News.

DRESS AND FASHIONS.

The Latest Fancies in Wraps, Tea Gowns, Corsage and Jewelry. Stripes are very stylish just now, specially for wraps.

Sleeves to most evening gowns are full and reach almost to the elbow. Tartan stockings in either wool or silk are among the threats of the com-

ing season.

The latest fancy in jewels is to tie your necklace with a bow of ribbon in place of a clasp. Badger in its natural light brownish

vellow is the correct fur to wear with English hats and bonnets are noticeably low and round. Some of them, however, more than make up in breadth

of brim all they have lost in height. Amber and silver pins fasten the hair by daylight. For evening or full-dress, rhine stones, feathers, flowers or algrettes of looped ribbons are worn at

Alpaca grows in favor and fashion. Those brought over for spring wear are in all sorts of colors, and striped and brocaded till they quite discount the rainbow. Full-dress corsages are higher than

for years. Often they are only half low, and either V-shaped or pompadour the throat. The Psyche knot is the correct thing to wear with toque or round hat, and should be accompanied by a pointed

bang, waved and frizzed, but not Underwaists of either brocade or embroidered muslin are now worn with low bodices upon half-dress occasions. If the sleeves are long, a puff matching the underwaist appears at the hand, and if short, paff sleeves of muslin or deep cuff of brocade cover the arm be-

low them. more in favor and in elaborateness. They are usually made up in two very web stuffs or also in cashmere of net colors. In cut they combine the directoire and the pr neess with a little of almost all else under the sun, but for all

that are wonderfully fetching. The new fashion of wearing a jewel pe dant in the middle of the forehead is really some fifty years old. Queen Victoria and her maids of honor wore such when the good sovereign was young-and at least half the portraits the "annuals" and "books of beauty of that day show impossibly large pearls or diamonds hanging on beauty's brow.

—Albany (N. Y.) Journal.

Combinations for Spring.

Hitherto the almost invariable rule in comb nation has been to associate a brocaded, striped or embroidered fabric, with a plain one, but the rule is now very frequently broken. Two embroidered materials are often combined, one a brocade in which the design is outlined with threads of of gold, copper or silver; the other a plain textile that is heavily embroidered with figures outlined in metal like that in the brocade. Two sorts of striped goods are intermixed, and sometimes a large plaid, a small check, and a stripe, all in the one costume. A model in this style was shown, and the arrangement of the three patterns looked far more attractive than they read, as there was a fine blending of different shades of similar colors, which, as a whole, produced a really artistic effect -N. Y.